

ALAMOSA HIGH SCHOOL

APPRECIATION

TO

The business men who by their kind co-operation
have made the financing of this annual possible—
also, to Miss Pauline Whitman for her assistance
in the art department.



A. H. S.

DEDICATION

to

MISS MYRTLE WEBER

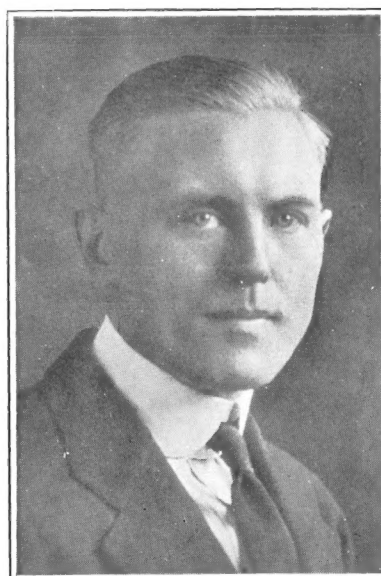
*We, the Class of 1924, dedicate this volume of
The Midget Messenger in appreciation of her
loyal service to Alamosa High School and
her good fellowship with its students.*



MISS F. MYRTLE WEBER,
English



GEO. W. ALLEN
City Superintendent of Schools



R. J. HANSON
Principal



E. F. EVANS
Science and Athletics



J. L. ELICKER
Commercial Department



MRS. CLARENCE REDMAN
Supervisor of Music



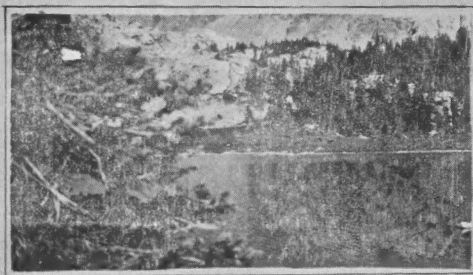
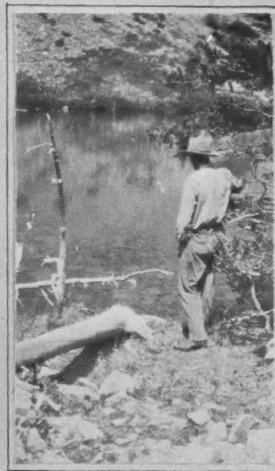
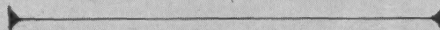
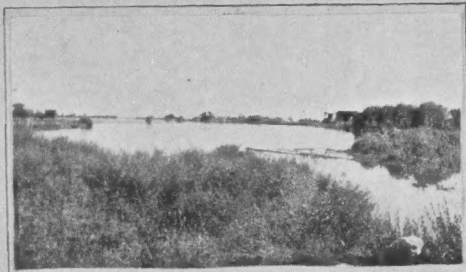
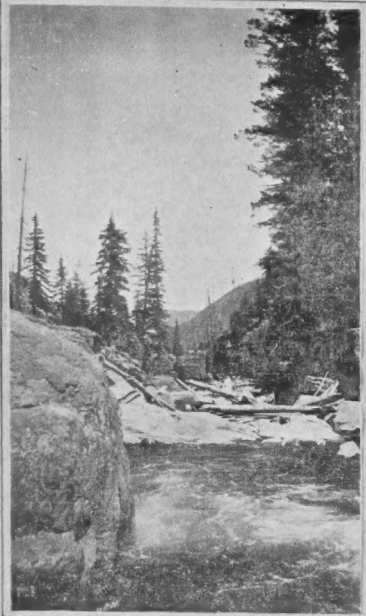
MISS DOROTHY NATHAN
Languages



MISS RUTH WHITMORE
Domestic Science



MISS LUCY KELLOGG
History



WOLF CREEK PASS
SCENE ON BLANCA
SILVER LAKES

RIO GRANDE RIVER
MT. BLANCA
ONE OF BLANCA LAKES

SENIOR

The word "SENIOR" is rendered in a large, bold, black serif font. The letters "S" at the beginning and end of the word are significantly larger and more ornate than the others. Each of these large "S" letters serves as a frame for a black silhouette of a graduate. The graduate on the left is wearing a cap and gown and is holding a diploma. The graduate on the right is also wearing a cap and gown and is holding a diploma. The entire graphic is centered on the page.

SENIOR ANNUAL STAFF

WILMA FARNHAM.....*Editor-in-Chief*
LOUISE SUNDQUIST.....*Assistant Editor*
ROBERT WHITMORE.....*Business Manager*
FRED LUCE.....*Assistant Business Manager*
LOIS LAWTON and OLIVE YOUNG.....*Art Editors*

MIDGET MESSENGER STAFF

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MAX DYER.....*Assistant Editor*
EARL METCALF.....*Business Manager*
KIRK HERRICK.....*Assistant Business Manager*
LOUISE SUNDQUIST.....
MARGARET GAMMON.....
DUANE FARNHAM.....
ELIZABETH DEUEL.....
MARGARET STAPLETON.....*Social Reporter*
LOIS LAWTON.....*Exchange Editor*



WILMA FARNHAM, "Willie."

Debate '23.
Editor-in-Chief M. M. and Annual, '24.
Class President '24.
Spartan Society.
Valedictorian.

ROBERT WHITMORE, "Bob."

Glee Club two years.
Advertising Manager Senior Annual.
Business Manager Senior Play.
Pres. Olympic Society First Semester.
Athletics 3 years. Captain '23 and '24.

LOIS LAWTON, "Loi."

Four years, Glee Club.
Four years M. M. Staff.
Inter-class Debate two years.
Senior Annual Staff.
Spartan Society.

FRED LUCE, "Freddie."

Three years of Football.
One year Basketball.
Glee Club two years.
Senior Play.
Olympian Society.

LLOYD BERGMAN, "Olie."

Glee Club two years.
Baseball two years.
Vice-President Spartan Society.
Class Play.
High School Orchestra.

MABEL MACDONALD, "Mac."

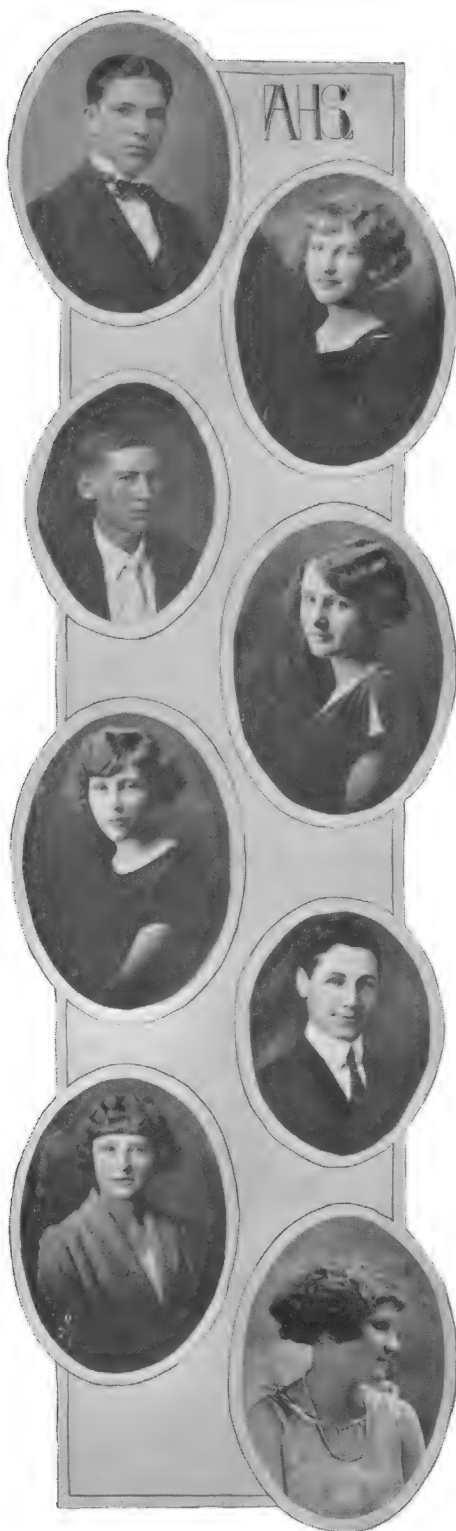
Two years Basketball.
Senior Class Play.
Thespian Society.
Glee Club four years.

GERALDINE HERRIMAN, "Gerry."

Three years Glee Club.
Four years Basketball. Captain '24
Class President, '22.
Vice-President Spartan Society.
President A. Club.

LELAND TEAL, "Duck."

Glee Club two years.
M. M. Advertising Manager, '23.
High School Orchestra.
Senior Play.
Thespian Society.



GRAYSON HEILMAN, "Ted."

Baseball one year.
Basketball two years.
Class President, '23.
Treasurer Olympic Society.

FRANCES BOLGER, "Frankie."

One year Glee Club.
Secretary Senior Class.
Class Beauty, '24.
Spartan Society.

PAUL EGAN, "Pauligan."

Olympic Society.

EUNICE EVANS, "Eunie."

Four years Glee Club.
Four years Basketball.
Secretary Class, '22.
Treasurer Class, '24.
Reporter M. M., '22.

LOUISE SUNDQUIST, "Wezzie."

Two years Glee Club.
Class Reporter for M. M., '24.
Debate '22.
Spartan Society.
Class Debate '22.

HOWARD RINES, "Bacon"

Glee Club and Quartette.
Baseball one year.
M. M. Advertising Manager '23.
President Spartan Society.
High School Orchestra.

ROBERTA ALLBEE, "Berta."

Glee Club three years.
Basketball two years.
Annual Staff.
Senior Play.
President Thespian Society.

MARGARET STAPLETON, "Peggie"

Four years Glee Club.
Debate one year.
Social Reporter, '24.
Spartan Society.
Salutatorian.

Senior Class Poem

Classmates, Goodbye! School Pals, Adieu!

Farewell is linked with pain;

The suns will rise, and days be blue,

Before we meet again!

Out on Life's wild and restless sea,

Without our teachers' aid,

We'll face it all quite cheerily,

And will not be afraid.

We want to thank our faculty,

Who have given love and care

Without complaint to you and me,

And they were always fair.

So here's three cheers for A. H. S.

To teachers, pals, and friends,

The Valley's finest, I confess,

So now our good time ends.

—EUNICE EVANS.



Class History

Time—Five years hence.

Scene—An old attic.

Character—A one-time notorious member of the class of 1924.

(The aforesaid classmate comes upon the scene, looking extremely bored, and after looking about a bit, starts exploring an old trunk. After a few minutes silence, she pulls out a shabby brown book.)

Character—"What the deuce! Oh, that old chemistry book. That book has made me shed more tears than Job himself. It's what I call refined torture. I got a kind of a kick out of Chem lab, though, such a fine chance to get even with everybody.

(Tosses the book aside and continues her explorations.)

Girl—"Holy Mackerel! My diary! This ought to prove interesting. (reads).

FRESHMAN

September, 1920—I am thrilled pink, my first day in high school. I started real early so as to get my bearings before the rush started. But I found out I wasn't the only wise bird, as the place was a seething mass of everything from Kindergartners to Seniors, who, I must say, were far from dignified.

October—Well, I have suffered a month of high school, and have been initiated into the profound mysteries of algebra. The teacher isn't a bit bashful about saying how dumb we are. We had a party and somebody tried to swipe the eats, but I guess the horse laugh was on them.

Xmas Vacation—Oh, man! ten days of peace and then the new building. I have had my last English class in the hall and stumbled over my last Eighth Grader.

Jan. 8, 1921—We are the first Freshman Class to enter the new building. I have made a lot of New Year's resolutions, diary dear. Now that mid-year finals are in store, I hereby, resolve to study always, never throw spitballs in study hall or even look cross-eyed at the kid across the aisle.

March—It's been over a month since I touched you, but I don't eat, sleep or drink these days, for I am in the throes of spring fever, and spend my time counting the days until school will be out.

April—Baseball season is on. Of course the Freshmen are shining lights. Only one month and a half of school.

SOPHOMORE

September—1921—School starts again, a bunch of the kids didn't come back. This year I meet the dreaded geometry, and the famous Mr. Evans with all his sarcasm.

November, 1921—Basketball season starts again. They laughed at our athletic attempts last year, but the grin came off this time after seeing Bob, Ted, Eunice and Gerry.

Nov. 15, 1921—More glories for the Sophomores. We beat the Juniors in debate and are now going to challenge the Seniors.

December 3—We met the Seniors today and needless to say beat them. The Sophomores are suffering from a bad case of swelled head.

January—Xmas vacation is over and there is no hope, for finals come tomorrow.

February—Basketball is still on and Sophomores are shining as usual. Oh, yes, Gerry's case with Rich is progressing nicely. They say Bob is aspiring for a Junior Girl's hand.

April—Baseball going strong.

May—Exams and school out. Goodbye till next year.

JUNIOR

September—At last we are upper classmen. We have several new teachers. "Variety is the spice of life."

September—Our first class meeting, Ted Heilman is elected president after much argument. (If an outsider could attend our class meetings, he would not wonder at our being champion debaters.) Miss Watkins was chosen class supervisor by unanimous vote.

September 29—Mr. Hanson announces in assembly that each class is expected to give a program. The Seniors give theirs first. Just wait till we give ours. (But don't hold your breath.)

October 5—Tonight we practice for our program. It's a pippin. We are sure going to show up those dumbbell seniors.

October 6—Miss Baldwin announces our nine-weeks English quiz. We have to give our program tomorrow, too, and practice tonight. There's a lot of whispering going on. I wonder why.

October 7—Such excitement! Oh, where, oh where are the Juniors? The second period we made a sensational entrance, all of us walking boldly in and got shooed into the office. The next half hour it seemed that the wrath of heaven and all its angels had descended upon us. We cannot give our program because "we have taken authority into our own hands." (Don't tell, diary, but we didn't want to give that program anyway.)

October 19—The other classes have given their programs. They certainly missed a lot by not getting to see ours.

November 9—Our class sojourns to Whitmore's ranch to decorate a hay wagon for the Armistice Day parade. There is a prize at stake.

November 11—The parade has come and gone. Junior High's float won the prize, much to our disgust. Of course, there was some mistake.

January 11—Basketball on, Juniors starring as usual. Eunice's good disposition as a guard is developing rapidly—she's only knocked out two girls this season. Mabel Mac also swings a wicked left.

February 10—We are starting our candy sales to get money for our prom. The boys are going to sell sandwiches and coffee at a dance. Won't Bob look pretty in a kitchen apron?

March 23—The decoration committee has already started to fight. Our prom progresses.

April 15—Have nearly fifty bucks for that crazy prom. We are going to have a Junior picnic and get pine boughs for decorating the auditorium. It takes the Juniors to pull off the original stuff.

May 1—Well, friend diary, we have had the picnic. One of the Senior boys suddenly developed a violent case on Eunice and I'll tell the world they didn't get many boughs. Gerry and Rich explored the beauties of the place, while Viola and our dignified Howard, who has never even deigned to notice a girl before, also played the spooning act. In spite of these violent love affairs, we managed to collect some boughs, but had our usual fight about who should take them home.

May 9—I've come home from the prom and feel like the wreck of the Hesperus. It was a keen prom, but some of those exceedingly smart Sophomores swiped the most important part of the eats.

May 19—Tonight we are going after apple blossoms for the arches for the Senior graduation. It will be necessary to use some rather questionable means—there will be weeping and wailing and gnashing of teeth tomorrow among the apple tree owners.

May 25—Well, it's all over. We had a swell banquet at Arrow Head, even if we were nearly killed riding in that bus.

SENIOR

September 3—I begin to feel my wings sprout as I am now a dignified Senior. How different from four years ago when we came cowering into the building. We started our Senior year by getting about two-thirds of the Senior Class called into the office for cutting up in assembly.

September 8, 1923—First class meeting. For a wonder, we had no fight. Miss Kellogg is elected our supervisor, and Wilma our class president.

October 6, 1923—We had two days vacation or two days of peace,

I might say, while the honorable faculty attended the conference. We decided to celebrate their absence by having a taffy pull in the Domestic Science Room. More candy was thrown than eaten and everybody had a good time, but seemed to lose their enthusiasm when it came time to clean up.

November 7, 1923—Great excitement, Eunice was elected the class beauty, but in spite of the fact that we worked so hard selling votes, she did not win (another mistake).

Xmas Vacation—Hot dog!

January, 1924—Final exams. What happy thoughts.

January 15—Leland and Ted amused themselves by knocking acid and hydroxide bottles off the tables in lab today. However, everything was cleaned up by the time Mr. Evans came back.

Basketball season opens. Alamosa is winning all the games and of course it is all due to the Seniors. What could the school do without us?

February 28—My heart is broken. The girls' team just missed winning the championship. Two girls of the Senior class made the all-star team, though.

March 10—We all went to Hot Springs today, and distinguished ourselves by our marvelous diving feats. On the way home we indulged in a game of pool at Moffat and got home after about a dozen punctures.

March 20—The Seniors honored Monte with a visit to have our pictures taken. All enjoyed themselves but three boys, and that's a secret for just the Seniors. That night we had another of our famous taffy pulls.

March 30—Seniors give dance for graduation expenses. We cause great excitement among the lower classmen by tacking up our banner.

April 2—Tryouts for the Senior play.

May 2—After much hubbub and the usual amount of fights, we finally put on the play, which being a Senior production, was naturally a huge success.

May 8—Pikers' Day! Some of our brave boys finally quit balking and went, deciding they would rather face Mr. Hanson's wrath than be laughed at.

May 16—Midnight. I just came from the Junior prom. It was keen, no eat swiping or anything. Some people are born lucky.

May 19—This is Senior vacation week. We all run around frantically and try to learn commencement speeches—or torment the less fortunate underclassmen who are taking finals.

May 24—I'm an alumnae now, diary dear. The old days are gone forever. We all sat up there on the platform trying our best to grin, but in spite of finals, bawling outs, and chemistry, it was pretty nice being in old A. H. S.



Class Prophecy

Ladies and Gentlemen: I am so pleased that you will give me an opportunity to demonstrate to you this evening my new science. In this world of changing conditions and rapid progress, this science has been almost crowded into oblivion by such minor matters as cosmetic clay packs, Mah-Jong, shingle bobs and other matters of state. But it has come to pass that the veil of the future can be pierced for each of us by the trained diagnosis of our silhouettes. This training is long and wearisome, but I, who have had it, tell you that it more than repays one for the study, as I shall leave you to judge for yourself.

Lois Lawton—This is the profile of one of pronounced musical ability. Just by gazing at this silhouette, I can hear sweet strains of music that hold my soul entranced by the beauty and perfection of their harmonies. Behold here, the queen of the world's music, one who will be a famous pianist and a contralto of no mean fame. Can you not see Notwal's name emblazoned on the billboards of the future.

Louise Sundquist—This is an intrepid hunter, ladies and gentlemen. Notice the set of that chin, that nose, that noble brow. This is a very fine example of our modern American Flapper. This is a woman of strong mind, strong will, and stronger temper. She will become a lecturer on a strong subject—an old maid, demonstrating her independence of man. Thus at some future time shall we see her at the head of an exploring party to investigate the wilds of Africa. Having conquered all the civilized world, she will then attempt to extend her sway over the uncivilized parts.

Margaret Stapleton—This girl is destined for a very happy future. She will find her greatest ambition in the highest of all worldly vocations—the maker and keeper of the home. I find a trace of fondness for sheep. She is somewhat woolly, so to speak. Hence it is that I can tell you with utmost confidence that she will be the wife of a rich sheep rancher. Whether this will keep her in the San Luis Valley or lead her abroad, to such famous pastures for sheep as Australia or the Argentine, I cannot tell you, but so her face betrays her destiny.

Frances Bolger—Here we have a famous beauty—one who could

have won everlasting fame and fortune in the movies, but who with a spirit characteristic of the grand old class of 1924 said, "Brains, not beauty," is my motto, and who then proceeded to carry out her vow. So we shall see her in years to come as the prosperous and efficient manager of a large hotel in Liverpool. The unwary tourist is hers, the moment he comes off the gangplank or out of the hangar; and for his further enticing, this little lady will operate a curio shop, selling curios from all places of the world. She it will be who will offer humanity a chance to "go around the world in twenty minutes, at Bolger's Bazaar in Liverpool."

Robert Whitmore—Oh, my friends, what a joy it is to behold such a personage—a model young man, and a very good looking one, too. One, who by precept and example, is destined to influence greatly the world of tomorrow. He has a natural gift for foreign languages and so I foresee that eventually he will make Paris his home. There he will meet the people of all nations, and how great will be his influence. His least word and idea will be broadcasted and copyrighted throughout all the civilized world. Not as an ambassador high in political circles, not as a banker of world-wide influence, not as a scholar—but as an artist will he be known to fame. He and his wife will work together in his art. (By the way, I know that you will all be interested in knowing that his wife will be a famous beauty, noted for her stunning red hair.) Together they will influence the rest of humanity far more than statesman or scientist or student could. So in future days we shall find in this man the Paul Poirot of the future, a designer of men's and women's apparel, famous the world over.

Lloyd Bergman—Eunice Evans—Here are two people whose futures are inextricably bound together. Every line of the girl's profile tells that she can never be happy except with this young man, no matter what the circumstances may be. And if I may venture an opinion based on my knowledge of them in high school days, he will be a much hen-pecked husband—albeit a very happy one. The lines of this face (Lloyd's) tell me that he will become an eminent physician at the head of a prominent hospital in one of our largest cities. His success will be due, however, to the stimulating, though strenuous companionship of his wife, who by continually "keeping him guessing" in his home life, will also keep him at his highest pitch of human energy in his work. Her happiness lies in bossing him, but she will also find time to become a prominent political worker and speaker. You who know her will not be surprised at this, for she has never been at a loss for words.

Mabel MacDonald—This profile moves me to a feeling of sadness—I must cry, I must—this woman's grief overwhelms me. Sorrow will come to this poor girl—oh, how heavily. Shall we not on some distant day see

her as a lovely widow, mourning her husband? No, not so. I see nothing like that. 'Tis only as a fair bride weeping for the loss of her pet poodle. So does life lay its burdens upon us.

Leland Teal—Ladies, doesn't this profile make your heart go flutter, flutter? This is the profile of a very young man—but a man of genius. He is very artistic, temperamental, and will find his vocation in one of the arts. Pardon me, my friends, while I ponder for a few moments over this enchanting profile and seek to determine his fate. Ah! one thing I can see—he is very fond of macaroni. Also he is used to blowing. Does that mean that he talks too much? Ah no! never that! He will be a famous musician and eventually inspired by his love of macaroni, become a member of the Royal Band of King Victor Emmanuel of Italy. In truth, I feel that his genius will carry him even further and who knows but that some day Signor Teal will accompany these musicians to America as the leader of the Royal Band.

Fred Luce—This man is one of courage and pleasing personality. We should expect great things from this individual. But, alas! he has a fatal disease which will in time wreck this most promising of careers. Do you see it? Alas, I hesitate to even name it, but duty compels me to tell you that he has the wanderlust, brought on by incipient Forditis during his high school days. His endurance will bear him through many trials of which not the least important will be matters of food. We shall see him in future times feeding perhaps upon the very husks that the kine won't eat, or similar indigestible breakfast foods. This man will hold many jobs in many countries. This curve, however, indicates a pronounced affection for the ukelele and so I can tell you that he will eventually become the overseer of a large plantation in Hawaii.

Paul Egan—Why, what a coincidence is here—the owner of that plantation upon which we left our last friend working, will be this man. He shows a strong interest in groceries, which shows that some day, not so far in the future, he will be producing sugar and Hawaiian pineapple himself, that formerly he sold over the counter. But this will be only a side issue. I see him in a large office among many men of many minds—a prosperous lawyer—noted for his gift of oratory—this, the boy who in our high school had not yet learned to lie. Nay, not even on the right side would Paul say a word that could be untruly interpreted. Thus are the mighty brought to lower planes!

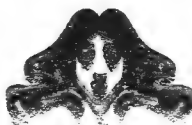
Roberta Albee—This is a most winsome lady—yet I see much trouble in store for her. She is wilful and decisive—and so it is for her that I can see a life of service. She does not intend such a course now, but she will be disappointed in a love affair and so in her later years we will find her consecrating herself to the poor and friendless. She will become

a famous nurse, an organizer of the Red Cross in the field and will finally become the head of the Health and Sanitation Department of the Imperial Japanese Government. Thus shall she, far from home, find solace and relief from her personal sorrows in the care of suffering humanity.

Geraldine Herriman—This is the dainty lady of society—envied and flattered by all, the queen of every gathering, the belle of every ball. I find a dangerous tendency, however, that she is in grave danger of going crazy over some old thing or other—probably a man, though there is nothing by which this can be definitely proved—if she does not guard herself very carefully from any undue mental excitement. In fact, this tendency is so strong that with the help of my extensive training in this new science, I can see a home in which this business man and our society belle are happy together, surrounded by their numerous children and looking forward to many years of peace and prosperity, Ted having settled down a great deal in his ways. Young ladies, that is the way to deal with these young men of the “need watching” type—catch them young and train them right. Of course, this outcome is not what you might now expect, but Cupid is ever an undependable chap—and I, being trained in reading the future by the face, assure you that this will come to pass.

Wilma Farnham—This is one of the intellectuals of the earth. This is a person whose capabilities are many. She has executive ability, a talent for expression through the agency of the pen, and above all, a keen interest in humanity. It is this trait that calls up before my trained eye, a glimpse into the future of this person. I see a school of learning and a noble professor before her class. They look at her in reverence for the vast learning she acquired at Alamosa High School.

After—And now kind friends, I must tell you a very sad thing—so sad that it must necessarily cast a gloom over us all. But the worst must be told, or how will we become able to cope with the evil tendencies? This direful sign portends that those of us who escape any serious diseases and are not killed prematurely by any sort of unforeseen accident, are fated to die in the far distant future of old age. I would have kept this calamity from you if I could, but it is better that we should all be prepared for the worst and know beyond any shadow of a doubt just how to meet the disasters of that future that is so plainly and so convincingly written for us in our silhouettes.





Class Gifts

It is during this last week of school that I have taken the greatest pains to gather mementoes for each member of the graduating class to help you meet the duties of life as they come to you. I shall proceed to distribute them to you, feeling thrilled with the thought that "It is more blessed to give than to receive," and trusting that each little gift may be received in the same spirit as I present it. As I call your names, one by one, will you please come forward to receive these tokens:

Louise Sundquist—Louise, you are a flirt! Your eyes are very dangerous, particularly as this is leap year. For the sake of protecting others, I give you these goggles, and implore you to wear them.

Paul Egan—Your trusty bike has worked hard the past four years to bring you within reach of your diploma. That you may give it complete rest, the class presents you with this pair of roller skates.

Lloyd Bergman—We have been observing your rather unsuccessful attempts to gain a certain young lady's confidence. To help you in your quest, I am presenting you with a book entitled, "How to Make Love." The book does not give any suggestion on a way to tame a young prize fighter.

Fred Luce—Here is a little postage stamp I give you with this thought: Always follow its example and stick tight to one thing till you get to the place you've set out for. A Ford doesn't always get you there.

Wilma Farnham—Lest you forget this strenuous year and your wayward classmates, we present you with this Midget Messenger Boy, who shall always carry the colors of the class of 1924.

Geraldine Herriman—I had planned to give you the latest book on "The Necessary Qualifications of a Doctor's Wife," but since your interest seems to have turned toward finances and bankers, I believe this gift will be more pleasing. It is a savings bank from the Alamosa National Bank. We know you will make the best use of it.

Howard Rines—Knowing that your idea of heaven is an arm chair,

a stool, a book, and a good cigar, I am giving you the popular office chair, the dunce's stool, the dictionary, and a five-cent candy cigar.

Eunice Evans—We present you with a pair of boxing gloves, donated by Pete Quintana, for the express purpose of attacking all antagonists on the opposing basket ball teams.

Leland Teal—In order that your size may be in keeping with your feelings, I give you this pair of stilts.

Frances Bolger—Since you are known by your classmates as the most forgetful girl in school, I present you with this memorandum pad to help you remember to eat three meals a day, that your hat is in your hand, and that you had a date last night with an old friend.

Mabel MacDonald—Your ability as a basketball player warrants us giving you first place as forward on the All-Valley Basketball Team.

Roberta Allbee—The class of 1924 is donating an eversharp pencil and notebook in which you can record all the pert and saucy sayings you have learned in associating with the present Senior Class.

Margaret Stapleton—We present you with this fruit jar in which you may preserve your rich vocabulary for all future use.

Mrs. Cox—We present you with another subject to help keep you from getting into mischief during school hours and wasting the time of the pupils around you.

Lois Lawton—Since you are the only girl in the Senior Class with long hair, we give you this box of hair pins and hair nets.

Bob Whitmore—Knowing that your curly hair is the source of much embarrassment, we give you this bottle of hair tonic that guarantees to take the curl out permanently with ten applications.

Miss Kellogg—With great appreciation for your cheerful help during our senior year, I present you with the compliments of the class of 1924, a penwiper.

Mr. Elicker—Here is a pair of rubber heels to lessen the noise you make in going about the halls and class rooms, disturbing the many ambitious students with your unexpected presence.

Ruth Whitmore—We give you this muffler to soften your harsh, loud voice which grates on the ears of your class when they hear you so distinctly assign a lesson for next day.

Mr. Evans—We present you with this petition from the students of the A. H. S. to remain with us at least one more year.

Miss Weber—The class of '24 had a serious time last night in persuading Herbert Bassett to give up his riding pony to a member of our faculty. We promise that it won't buck, for we want you to have a pleasant reminder of some of your experiences in the West.

Mr. Allen—Here is a beautiful red pencil which you may smoke when your pen wears out. I am sure it has as good a flavor.

Mr. Hanson—We present you with a new society, knowing how fond you are of our prompt and talented programs. We assure you that this is a model organization.

Miss Nathan—We are pleased to give you this little book of famous sayings of E. F. Evans. They may at times be sarcastic, but don't let a little thing like that bother you. Cherish this as one of your most choice possessions.

Mrs. Redman—We present you with this new patented baton which will serve the purpose of beating time and reaching the farthest student in the room.

And now, classmates, I trust that these little gifts will give you the same pleasure that it has afforded me in making the selections, and most of all—that each will be received in the same spirit of fun with which it is presented.





THE OVERALLED-GANG

1924



THERE ARE SMILES



VIGILIOUS - PROFS



IT PAID TO ADVERTISE



POISON - IVY - CLUB BITES



LATEST STYLES IN SHEIKS



RVINT - FER - EVER



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MERE JUNIORS

AHS



DUMBBELL PHENOMENA



CLASS WILL

Ladies and Gentlemen, Board of Education, Superintendent, Teachers and Friends:

Upon behalf of my client, the Class of 1924, of the Alamosa High School, of the city of Alamosa, of the county of Alamosa, of the State of Colorado, I have called you together on this solemn and serious occasion to listen to her last will and testament, and to receive from her in her last moments the few gifts which she has to bestow on those friends to whose needs they seem best fitted.

Listen then, one and all, while I read the document as duly drawn up and sworn to:

We, the Class of 1924, being about to pass out of this sphere of education, in full possession of a well crammed mind and almost super-human understanding, do make and publish this, our last will and testament, hereby revoking and making void all former wills and promises made by us any time heretofore. We only ask that the funeral be such as our attainments and merits certainly deserve.

Item 1.—We give and bequeath to our dear faculty, who have been our instructors through these ages of toil, all the startling and amazing information they have gained from our various examination papers, also many peaceful and restful nights which they have well earned.

Item 2.—We give and bequeath to the junior class, the last two rows of seats in the middle section of the auditorium. Everyone knows how desirable they are. One may get an unobstructed view of the crooks in the necks of everyone in front and also see everything that goes on.

To the Sophomores we bequeath the order and dignity of our class meetings and our ability as debators.

To the Freshies we give our love of hard work and our poise and dignity.

Item 3.—In order that our individual merits and achievements may not be lost, we bequeath the following:

To some blonde junior girl, Francis Bolger's ability to blush.

To Kenneth Allen, Bob Whitmore's much admired curly hair, so

A. H. S.

that Kenneth may not have to risk his life by using the curling iron again.

To Theodosia Ball, Wilma Farnham's troubles as editor of the Midget Messenger.

To William Simmons, Ted Heilman's attraction for the girls and his ability to dance.

To Mildred Deuel, some of Margaret Stapleton's height.

To Clara Higel, Eunice Evans' ability as a guard on the basketball team, and the hope that she may be able to keep her temper as well as Eunice did.

Leland Teal's and Howard Rines' ability to throw erasers and chalk we bequeath to Kirk Herrick, only we hope that Kirk will put this gift into good use by throwing baseballs and not erasers.

Geraldine Herriman's excellent record for promptness ,we give to Ruth Frank.

Paul Egan's forwardness we bequeath to Denver Hauser.

Fred Luce's ability to keep his hair combed we bequeath to Amos Sanchez, in the hope that he may improve along this line.

Lloyd Bergman's remarkable ability to play the drums we bequeath to Fred Crabill.

To the next second-year Spanish class, we give all our cribbed Spanish grammars and we hope that they can read our writing.

To the boys' and girls' glee clubs we bequeath the harmony and rhythm of our class meetings.

The rest and residue of our property, which has not been included in this will, we give to our principal, to be disposed of as he sees fit.

And we hereby appoint the said principal as sole executor of this last will and testament.

In witness whereof, we the Class of 1924 ,set our seal to these parchments on this twentieth day of May, one thousand nine hundred and twenty-four.

By LOUISE SUNDQUIST.

Witness:

WILMA FARNHAM.

FRANCIS BOLGER.



Chums



Three Shebas



Dignified Senior



Merry Sophies



Rah! Rah!



Peaches



First Class Mail



HIS



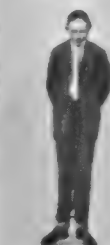
Frenchie



Twistic



? the joke



Slim Jim



Twins



Shinny



The Cook



Toughs



Hide and Seek



DANCING

FOOLS



Junior Class History

On the first Monday in September, 1921, strange little creatures might have been seen huddled in the nooks and corners of the new high school building. No one would ever know it now, but I'll tell you a secret—that was the class of '25. Of course, as there are exceptions in all groups of people, so in this crowd we had a few very courageous men. One of these desperadoes of future prominence swelled his chest and marched to the drinking fountain to get a drink, when ugh! Some impudent upperclassman pushed his face in the marble basin. The daring young man whirled around swearing revenge or death, but there was no one in sight.

Before long the Freshman class held a meeting for organization; and after a very lavish political campaign, Amos Sanchez was elected president. We decided upon Mr. Saunders as supervisor, as it took a good man to hold down the job.

Many entertaining parties were held, which were given over to games, such as "Wink'em" and "Prince of Wales Lost His Hat." Sometimes when the party grew a little wild, there would be a game of matching hearts. However, no murder or serious crime was committed from the outcome.

An unusual amount of knowledge was absorbed during that year, and we discarded our green robes, feeling like masters of wisdom.

The Sophomore year demanded a greater effort on our part, and immediately after we elected Barbara Mulnix, we settled down to hard work. In fact, it was not long before we had earned the distinguished name, "Noisy Sophomores."

The Sophomores were the proud winners of the candy cake at the stunt party the Senior girls gave.

A stirring event of the year was the debate between the Sophomores and Freshmen on "Resolved that the Eighteenth Amendment should be modified." The sophomores chose the affirmative, and won in spite of the fact that the Freshmen boys were eating lemons on the front row and Mike dropped his notes.

We studied hard our Sophomore year, and we entered school next year with new ideals, a new determination, and a higher conception of life. Organization resulted in Mabel Myers for president, Mike McEnany for treasurer and Miss Weber for supervisor. With our usual pep, we started the social activities of the year by giving a novelty dance that proved one of the liveliest dances of the year.

The Sophomores gave us a very pretty party at the Central School, which proved heaps of fun. During the Christmas holidays we had a





combination of skating party and an oyster stew.

The end of the year is drawing near. We are trying not to slack in our studies. Apparently physics has been the "bugbear" of all the Juniors; Cicero has not proven a child's play; nor has English been a snap for the unfortunate individual who has let his notebook get behind.

In spite of all this strife, we hope that no member of the class of '25 will be discouraged and leave us before we graduate.

SOPHOMORES



Chronicles of the Class of '26

By BONNIE LILLIAN VELHAGEN

And it came to pass in the days of Allen the Superintendent, in the first year of his reign, that many men of valor and beauteous maidens came up out of the land and gathered themselves together in the temple of learning in the city of Alamosa.

But lo! some of the men were more valorous than others and some of the maidens more fair to look upon, and these more perfect ones were separated from them of the inferior type and gathered themselves into one tribe called the class of '26.

And it came to pass that there was warring in the land and those of the tribe of '26 strove for the mastery in adding, in that branch of learning called mathematics, with the tribe of '25,—then known as the seventh grade,—and they of '26 proved themselves superior. Then lo! the tribe of '24,—then known as the eighth grade,—sent their wise men

unto the tribe of '26 and spoke unto them saying, "We are greater yet than these." Then did the superior ones lift their voices aloud, saying, "Prove it!" The hosts joined battle, but lo! by reason of their wisdom, again did the tribe of '26 prevail. They prevailed also over the Freshman tribe, Sophomore tribe, and Junior tribe. There was weeping and wailing and gnashing of teeth in the higher temple of learning. Then yet a little while and the hosts of the superior ones sent messengers to the Senior tribe, saying, "Come over and add with us." But, Allen, in the fifth month of his reign, came over unto the mighty ones, saying, "Hurt not the Senior tribe; they are too busy!" Therefore it came to pass that there was no more warring in the land until the noble class of '26 met a minor defeat in a small battle with them of '25.

When the superior tribe became known as the Seventh Grade their land was greatly crowded, for the hosts of the other tribes remained in their temple while a new temple of learning was abuilding.

When in the course of time this noble tribe became known as Eighth Grade, great peace reigned in the land. And it came to pass that they made themselves like people of "Arcticania" and sang and acted like these northern peoples before all the other tribes and nations of Alamosa, to get for themselves talents of silver.

Then it came to pass in the next year following, that the tribe of '26 was called Freshmen and they moved their tents to the new temple of learning. There they found they needed a leader, so they chose George, of the family of Burnham, a man of great wisdom. Now the tribe of Sophomores rejoiced at the coming of these and held a great feast in their honor.

Behold, at the time of the next harvest the marvelous tribe of '26 was seen by all the nations of the earth to be the tribe of Sophomore. And there was great rejoicing in the land and those of '26 summoned those of '25 to a feast.

Then it came to pass in the tenth month of that year that the leader, the brave warrior, Herrick, called together the many men of valor and the beauteous maidens of the tribe of '26 in counsel. He then spake unto them, saying, "Choose from among you a maiden most fair, wise, and beloved that she may be judged greater than any maid of the other tribes and represent us as queen at a big feast." And it was thus accomplished that the lovely damsel Henrietta was chosen by them as their most beloved maiden. But alas! another queen ruled at the feast.

Yet another while and the children of '26 looked up and behold, they saw the standard of all the land,—one they had bought themselves with their own goodly silver,—waving over the temple of learning in the city of Alamosa. And they rejoiced exceedingly, and were glad.

Yea! they of the Sophomore tribe are goodly in the sight of all the people, and may their days be long in the land.



FRESHMAN CLASS



SOPHOMORE CLASS

FRESHMEN



Freshman Class History

As I look over the members of the Freshman Class, I try to imagine how they must have looked when they made their first trip from home alone. Orville must have been very dwarflike with his big brown eyes, short, fat body, and elfish ways (which, by the way, he has not entirely outgrown). Elizabeth Davlin, with two little red pigtails, freckled face, and fat, stubby body, could by no means be the same Elizabeth we have with us today. Then I think of those tall, stately individuals like Glenn Dyer, Ladora Henderson and Guy Tomberlin. Can you imagine them sitting on their mother's knee that last morning before venturing forth in the cold, cold world, listening to the wise suggestions of the fearful parent?

But we must pass on, much as I should like to draw a picture of the other members of our interesting group. We passed from grade to grade, some successfully and some not so successfully, until we strengthened our forces in number and quality by uniting with the members from all the six grades at the Junior High School. Oh, yes, we lost many valuable pupils during those years of travel from the first grade to the seventh, but we found many who made it a special point to join our group, either by staying back a year or by not showing a report card and attempting to skip a grade. We were by far the most brilliant class that ever entered the Junior High School and we are still trying to convince our present teachers that we have not fallen down in our self-made, opinion. "To thine own self be true, and it will follow as the night the day, thou canst not then be false to any man."

Thus do you find us in our Freshman year in High School. We have been accused of being green, fresh, and ignorant, but when I tell you of the things we have tried to do, perhaps not always successfully, I am sure you will change your mind. We have had one of the most prosperous years of any Freshman class that ever entered this building. We organized a girls' and a boys' basketball team, had scheduled games with the Junior High School and the East Side School. Our boys were not always successful, but our girls invariably came out on top. We also organized a baseball team for the boys and girls; we have had a group out for tennis, and a hiking club. We were not so fortunate in the decision of the debate with the Junior High School, who won by a vote of two to one.

Our aim is to make ourselves fit for all activities in high school, to be above the average in our classes, and to prove to upperclassmen that one must start early in the game to make it a success. I ask you again, worthy reader, if a class of our standing, of our size, of our reputation could possibly be classed under the head of "Green Freshmen?"





The prowesses of the football team of 1923 will be long remembered by the followers of that game. We started the season with an almost "green" team, but we are not at all conceited when we make the statement that at the close of the season the team played like an eleven of seasoned veterans. Of the members of the team of 1922 we lost eight, and that, of course, was enough to discourage the most optimistic of fans for a promise of a good team for 1923. If one should judge by the result of the first game with Center, played here, where the score was 28 to 0 in favor of the visitors, one may have had reason for the pessimism. But as the season advanced, our hopes began to rise.

After a week of hard practice, we took Hooper into camp at their home, 48 to 0. This was an excellent practice game for the boys and they took excellent advantage of it. We heard from a good source that it took "Twisty" Herrick a week to overcome a certain flatness that overcame him in that game. At the time that the said accident happened, he did not know whether it was an earthquake or a locomotive that hit him.

On the following Saturday Del Norte received a walloping that still smarts. We laced them 24 to 0. The following week Sargent felt the strength of our team at our home grounds, 12 to 0.

To "beat Center" was our ambition at Center the following Saturday. The game was hard-fought from start to finish and in the minds of all who saw the game the Alamosa boys showed the best football, but—well you say, "But me no buts." The score was 15 to 0 with our scalp dangling from Center's belt.

Oh, but you should have seen the following game with Del Norte! Our outfit just did more than cover themselves with glory. Del Norte felt our heels that day when we daubed them with a coat of whitewash that they still carry. Score was 51 to 0.

Monte Vista came here the following Saturday and before they went home they almost wished they had not. In the first quarter they fooled



ALAMOSA HIGH SCHOOL FOOTBALL TEAM

Bottom Row: Parker, Kirby, Knoop, Moses (Mascot), Bergman, Meehan, Hinkle.
 Second Row: Allbee; Lepird, halfback; Russell; Quintana, Captain and quarterback; Sanchez, halfback; Wallace, center; Herrick, end.
 Third Row: McNitt, halfback; Stewart, end; Dyer, tackle; Meehan, guard; Hanson, Coach; Luce, tackle; Whitmore, fullback; McCracken, guard; Crabill.

us and scored 13 points, but in the remainder of the game they had to fight with all they had to save the glory of their school. We scored once on them and almost another time. For once the "Up Rivers" realized that Alamosa had a real team.

The last game of the season has been termed the "Oyster Stew Scandal." The boys are more than willing to explain in case you have not heard. From all sources we were made to understand that Hooper was after our goat. The outcome of the game was that we still retained our goat, and that the "Oil Drillers" were farther away from it than ever. They "bussed" homewards a sad but a much wiser group. Score 51 to 0 in our favor.

To give any particular member of the team any special credit for the excellent showing would be showing partiality, for the team played an excellent game. They showed a knowledge of the game that was to their credit. We can safely say that Alamosa had a better passing game than any other team in the Valley. Bob Whitmore's line bucking was excellent and we shall sorely miss him next year. He has been a mainstay for four years and our problem is to find someone who can fill his position as fullback.

Pete Quintana, of fistic fame, played quarterback, a most difficult position, and doubly so for him as he had no previous experience. As the season advanced, he developed wonderfully and we are proud of his work. We shall miss him next year. He was ruled out by the Valley Eligibility Committee.

Paul McNitt partook in three games. He was a "crackerjack" of a halfback. Who shall we find to fill his position?

Amos played the other half and played a better game than he did the previous year. He did some fine triple threat work, and the other teams in the Valley had just better look out another year.

The diminutive George Lepird was a strength in the backfield, and we hope he will be able to be with us another season.

We were proud of our line. To make a hole in it was almost an impossibility. The two husky guards were Meehan and McCracken. Both of these men entered school for the first time in the early fall and we were indeed fortunate to get them. As guards they covered themselves with glory.

Luce and Max Dyer were the tackles. It surely spelled disaster to anyone who was unfortunate enough to get in their way. Fred graduates this year, but Max, who is the captain-elect, will be with us another year and we know he will be there with the "goods."

Herrick and Stewart were the "ends." They both were dangerous

men on the defense and played well. Another year our opponents will respect them more than ever, for they will cause much trouble.

"Quiet" Wallace held the pivot position. He played his usual good and consistent game. Next year he will, no doubt excel his former good work.

The outlook for the coming season is bright. We have promised the gods that Alamosa shall have a championship team. What we need is fight, *fight*, FIGHT, and more fight. Let's go!



SCHOOL BOARD PRESENTS SWEATERS

A generous gift of sweaters was made by the School Board to the High School athletes on May 7. At a regular assembly period the sweaters were distributed by Milt Herrick and responses were made by the captains of the various teams.

The sweaters, which are white with maroon service stripes and letters for the girls, and maroon with white service stripes and letters for the boys, are the last words in woolen goods and are better than the usual award made in colleges.

The appreciation felt by the girls and boys was best shown by the rapidity with which they got into their sweaters after receiving them and the smiles of satisfaction which have since been worn by all the players. Mr. Simmons, secretary of the Board and an enthusiastic supporter of everything related to the welfare of the High School, was slated to represent the Board in a talk to the athletes, but owing to out-of-town business was unable to be with us.

We of the High School believe the gift is one which will result in more interest in athletics, and we especially appreciate the fine spirit of interest and co-operation on the part of the members of the Board that made the gift possible.



BOYS' BASKETBALL

From left to right: Ted Heilman, forward; Emmett Meehan, forward; Fred Luce, jumping center; Bob Whitmore, captain and guard; Wilbur McCracken, guard; Fred Stewart, jumping center; Kirk Herrick, forward; Amos Sanchez, forward (center).



Our record in Boys' Basketball this year was not as successful as it might have been. Even at that the boys have won from Hooper, Sargent and Del Norte. At the first call for men about thirty reported and everybody planned a banner year, but evidently the jinx was on us.

Bob Whitmore, captain, played a good game at guard all year. McCracken, a new find, made a very good showing this year and if he plays next season, he should be one of the best in the valley. Luce performed at the pivot position with the able assistance of Freddie Stewart. Sanchez and Heilman played in the front line. Kirk Herrick, Max Dyer and Emmet Meehan were the bench warmers.

Although the result wasn't what we wanted it to be, Coach Evans and the fellows worked hard and should have won more than they did.

SCHEDULE

January 4—A. H. S. 20, Del Norte 12.
 January 11—A. H. S. 21, Sargent 4.
 January 18—A. H. S. 5, Monte Vista 22.
 January 25—A. H. S. 9, Center 14.
 January 26—A. H. S. 18, La Jara 20.
 February 1—A. H. S. 11, Sargent 15.
 February 2—A. H. S. 16, La Jara 20.
 February 8—A. H. S. 20, Del Norte 7.
 February 15—A. H. S. 15, Hooper 11.
 February 16—A. H. S. 12, Center 20.
 February 22—A. H. S. 16, Monte Vista 22.
 Tournament—A. H. S. 9, Monte Vista 23.

MAX DYER, '25

Girls Basket Ball

Although our girls did not win the championship, this season has been one of the most successful in the history of A. H. S. athletics.

The team has beaten every town in the valley at least once, and made a wonderful showing at the valley tournament—just missing the championship by two points. Alamosa's strength lay in speed and team work. Her guards were exceptionally strong, and the forwards were among the best shots in the valley.

Alamosa loses three star players this year—Mabel MacDonald, forward; Geraldine Herriman, forward; and Eunice Evans, guard; but there remains a wealth of material and we are sure next year's team will win the championship and avenge those two points.

SCHEDULE

January 4—Alamosa at Del Norte, 12-20.
January 11—Sargent at Alamosa, 23-24.
January 18—Monte Vista at Alamosa, 18-31.
January 25—Center at Alamosa, 10-24.
February 1—Alamosa at Sargent, 12-20.
February 2—Alamosa at La Jara, 20-10.
February 8—Del Norte at Alamosa, 6-24.
February 9—La Jara at Alamosa, 11-27.
February 15—Hooper at Alamosa, 14-15.
February 16—Alamosa at Center, 8-10.
February 22—Alamosa at Monte Vista, 13-25.

At the tournament Alamosa at first met and defeated Hooper, on a three-minute tie-off, by four points, and was defeated that night after another tie-off by Del Norte.



GIRLS' BASKETBALL

From left to right: Mabel MacDonald, forward; Clara Higel, guard; Mabel Myers, running center; Geraldine Herriman, captain and forward; Ella Ewers, guard; Eunice Evans, guard; Frances Mathes, jumping center; Theodosia Ball, running center (center).



Base Ball for 1924

Station A. H. S.—Alamosa, Colo., broadcasting the merits of the A. H. S. Baseball fall team—Champions for three years.

Harken! all ye Baseball Fans—the fourth season is about to commence—um-m-um-m-m whir-r-r-r — — —

Presenting the Alamosa Team:

Pitcher—Amos Sanchez—three years, alias Rudie Valentino).

Catcher—Ted Heilman—(four years, alias The Sheik)—Rah!

First Base—Paul McNitt—(one year, alias Andy Gump).

Short Stop—Kirk Herrick—(two years, alias Babe Ruth).

Second Base—Harold Walsh—(two years, alias Harold Teen).

Third Base—Bob Whitmore—four years, alias Curly Locks).

Right Field—Harold Russell—(1 year, alias Dempsey).

Left Field—Wilbert McCracken—(one year, alias Heavyweight).

Center Field—Fred Stewart—(one year, alias Algernon). Rah!

The A. H. S. Team have been the valley champions for three years now and, sad but true, they haven't even a scrap of paper to prove it or show their good work. In 1921, with Bernie and Pete in the box, all contestants fell before the mighty bats and balls that A. H. S. hurled at them. In 1922, with Bernie gone, A. H. S. looked around for one to take his place and found Amos. That was indeed a find, for no one could have taken Bernie's place as well as Amos. So again we went through a successful year, routing all our enemies. Again in 1923 we had the same batteries, but in addition had the famous Lyell Skinkle, "the best first base man in the valley," for our own. We also inherited Kirk Herrick, who, like his father before him, is a real baseball player. So for the third year A. H. S. was undefeated. This year Pete is ruled out. He's too good for us to have, say the other teams of the valley—so our old stand-by must stand by the bench and cheer the boys on. In addition to losing Pete, we lost four of our 23's—but A. H. S. looks forward with great expectation to the fourth year as champions of the Valley.

—G. M.



The Midget Messenger

In spite of a hundred and one financial troubles, a change of staff and other misfortunes too numerous to mention, the Midget Messenger emerged triumphant and on time for the first Thanksgiving issue. Our little old paper was hardly recognizable with its huge size and magnificent headlines.

After the first issue and mighty struggle, the other four numbers were comparatively easy, and the staff actually had the nerve and daring to attempt an annual.

The purpose of The Midget Messenger this year has been to please the students above everyone else, at any cost—hence the paper has always had at least two pictures, the biggest possible headlines, the least possible editorials, and as many sport articles and jokes as could be crammed in.

The above policy has probably cost our little yellow sheet much in dignity and prestige, but it has brought many a smile to the most harassed and dignified Senior and has made the study halls even more hilarious than ever.

The Messenger made its glorious appearance each season—Thanksgiving, Christmas, February, Spring, and the final annual number. The staff was conceited enough to believe its appearance was looked forward to with the greatest longing, and hailed with the wildest exultation,—may our Midget Messenger continue to save A. H. S. from boredom, and ever reign supreme!!!





The Girls' Glee Club

The Girls' Glee Club has been considered very successful this year under the supervision of Mrs. Redman. We have made several plans and carried out a few. The others are for spring activities and so have not yet been completed. A conventional dress has been used as our costume, giving a neater effect than the usual middies and skirts.

The operetta, "The Feast of the Red Corn," given March 27 and 28, was successful, but not as large a crowd was present as we might have desired. However, about \$110 was taken in, which will go to pay for the piano.

We are planning a valley tour this spring to earn money to pay for our trip to Denver. Of course, we are all hoping that Dame Fortune will be with us and we will win the prize. THEODOSIA BALL, '25.

The Boys' Glee Club

Although the Boys' Glee Club has not been as active this year as one would expect, due to the conflict with other activities, the organization is nevertheless in existence. Some time after Christmas the club was organized and as often as possible practices have been held under the leadership of our principal.

Our boys are all interested in this line of activity, as is proper, and we hope that another year will find us in better shape to make the club more active.

The following boys have taken an active interest in the organization: Leland Teal, Howard Rines, Amos Sanchez, Pedro Quintana, Kenneth Allen, Harold Walsh, Lloyd Bergman, Orville Bechtel, Wilbert McCracken, Ray Kirby, Kirk Herrick, Evan Allbee, Emmett Meehan.



Ella Ewers,
Queen



Frances Bolger



Henrietta Nissen



Lorene Lenox

COURT
OF
HONOR



Miscellaneous Clubs and Societies

"A" Club

Having long felt the need of such an organization, the girls taking part in athletics formed the "A" Club at the beginning of the basketball season, electing Geraldine Herriman president and Eunice Evans secretary. Owing to the delay in organization, few of the plans made by the club have been carried out, although great activity in school affairs is predicted for next year. In accordance with plans already made, a rest room for the girls will be furnished, lunches will be served to visiting teams, and funds raised for the improvement of our athletic affairs through various entertainments.

The Spartan Society

This society was organized at the first of the year, for the purpose of developing those qualities which are the foundation of an active life and the power which brings success. In a practical way the society amplified the leadership of the members, taught them to co-operate and radiate good-fellowship.

Howard Rines was president during the first half of the year, or infant stage. Max Dyer presided during the last half of the year. The interest of the members, especially in getting up good programs, has been particularly noticeable. According to the critics, the Spartans have easily excelled in the quality of entertainments given. They were the first to challenge the others in basketball and they have shown tasty originality, and have at least tried to be good fellows among the students.

Considering all, this has been a very successful year, and the future looks brighter still. They are already working out a general plan for next year, and are thinking of having more social activities.

Long live the Spartans!!!

MAX DYER, '25.

The Olympian Society

The Olympian Society closed a successful year by presenting a one-act play, "This Way Out." Throughout the school year it was the aim of this society to give the students and public a treat. This they undoubtedly did in some way or another—probably another.

The main Olympic game seemed to be a race between the societies to see which one could put on the crudest play and make the public "laff." The main game in the Olympic Society was to see which member could get out of the most work. The outcome was a draw.

At the first of the year the following leaders led the Olympiads to victory: Bob Whitmore, president; Eunice Evans, vice-president; Mildred Deuel, secretary; Fred Luce, treasurer, and Miss Kellogg teacher critic.

At the half the officers were changed to Mike McEnany, president; Duane Farnham, vice-president; Dell Mallett, secretary; Ted Heilman, treasurer, and Mr. Elicker, teacher critic. The change was made, not because old officers were bum, but because we like the excitement of electing new officers. Ballots, hair pulling, 'neverthing!

All of our programs were good, "we admit were good" (quotation of E. F. Evans). We hope, however, that next year the remaining and new Olympians will strive to make each performance better than this year, for progress is only manifested in improvement, and it is a well known fact that those taking part in Olympian stunts must be the best in the land.

G. M.

Thespian Society

Literary Society No. 3 at the first meeting elected the following officers: President, Earl Metcalf; Vice-President, Amos Sanchez; Secretary, Paul McNitt; Treasurer, Harold Walsh; Critic, Miss Nathan.

The boys felt really proud to think they had succeeded in keeping the girls out, but we did not give them the peace they expected. We hope we made them uncomfortable enough so that they will give us a chance after this.

The Spartan and Olympic Societies gave unusually short programs, so we decided to surprise Mr. Hanson by having a program which took up the whole thirty minutes. Our program was the best given this year, a two-act play called "The Matrimonial Advertisement." This program was given before a banquet of the Odd Fellows.

The second semester, the election turned out more to the satisfaction of the girls: President, Roberta Albee; Vice-President, Paul McNitt; Secretary, Amos Sanchez; Treasurer, Henrietta Nissen; and Critic, Miss Nathan

We feel that our year's experience has been well worth while and will prove a good foundation for next year's work.

THEODOSIA BALL, '25.

AHS

FACULTY



"Now pipe down"
Kellogg



"I fancy so"
Evans



"As Durkey would say"
Elcher



"Be quiet girls"
Whitmore



"Get that grin off your
face or I'll wipe it off"
Hansen



"Once back in Nebraska"
Allen



"Be still or I'll send
you to Hansen"
Redman



"How's that to do?"
Nathan



"Now really, class, don't you
think so?" Wason



A. H. S.

Kenneth A.—“Wow, I got a zero in geometry.”

Lloyd B.—Well, that’s ‘nothing’.”

Eunice to Mr. Evans—“How was iron first discovered?”

Mr. E.—“They smelt it, didn’t they?”

McCracken was heard to remark in the American History Class:
“There must have been a lot of men shot at the ‘Battle of Brandywine.’”

Mr. Allen—“The deportment of a pupil varies inversely as the square
of the distance from the instructor.”

Loren—“Why was Paul put out of the game?”

Iris—“He neglected to shave, and was put out for unnecessary
roughness.”

“And you have proved this proposition?” asked Mr. Hanson.

“Well,” replied William S., “proved is a rather strong word to use,
but I can say I have rendered it highly probable.”

“Better late than never,” as the old woman said when she threw
the yeast in the oven after the bread.

Mr. Evans—“Miss Evans, why does iron not occur in the native
state?”

Eunice Evans—“Because it is impure.”

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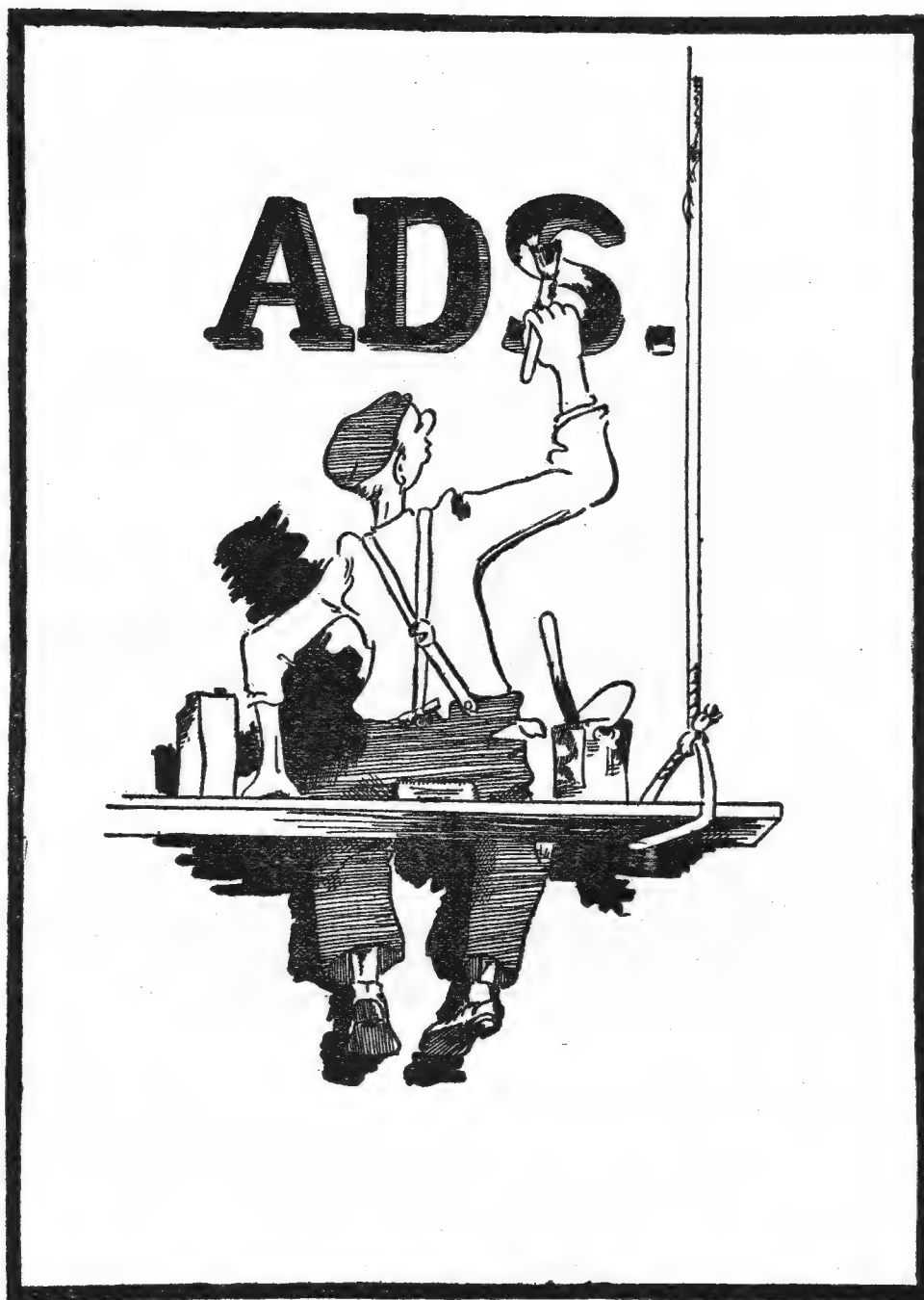
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